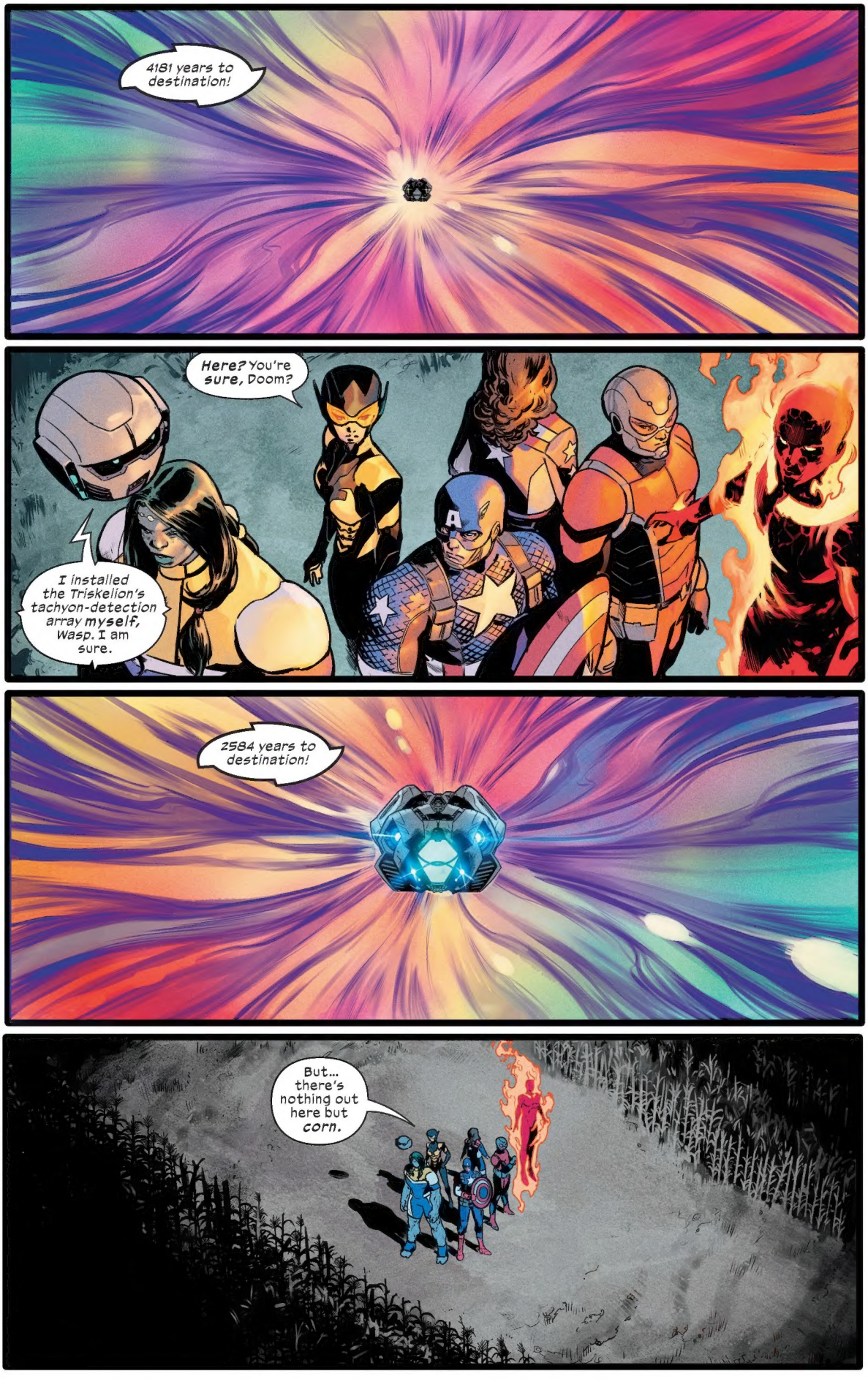
MARVEL

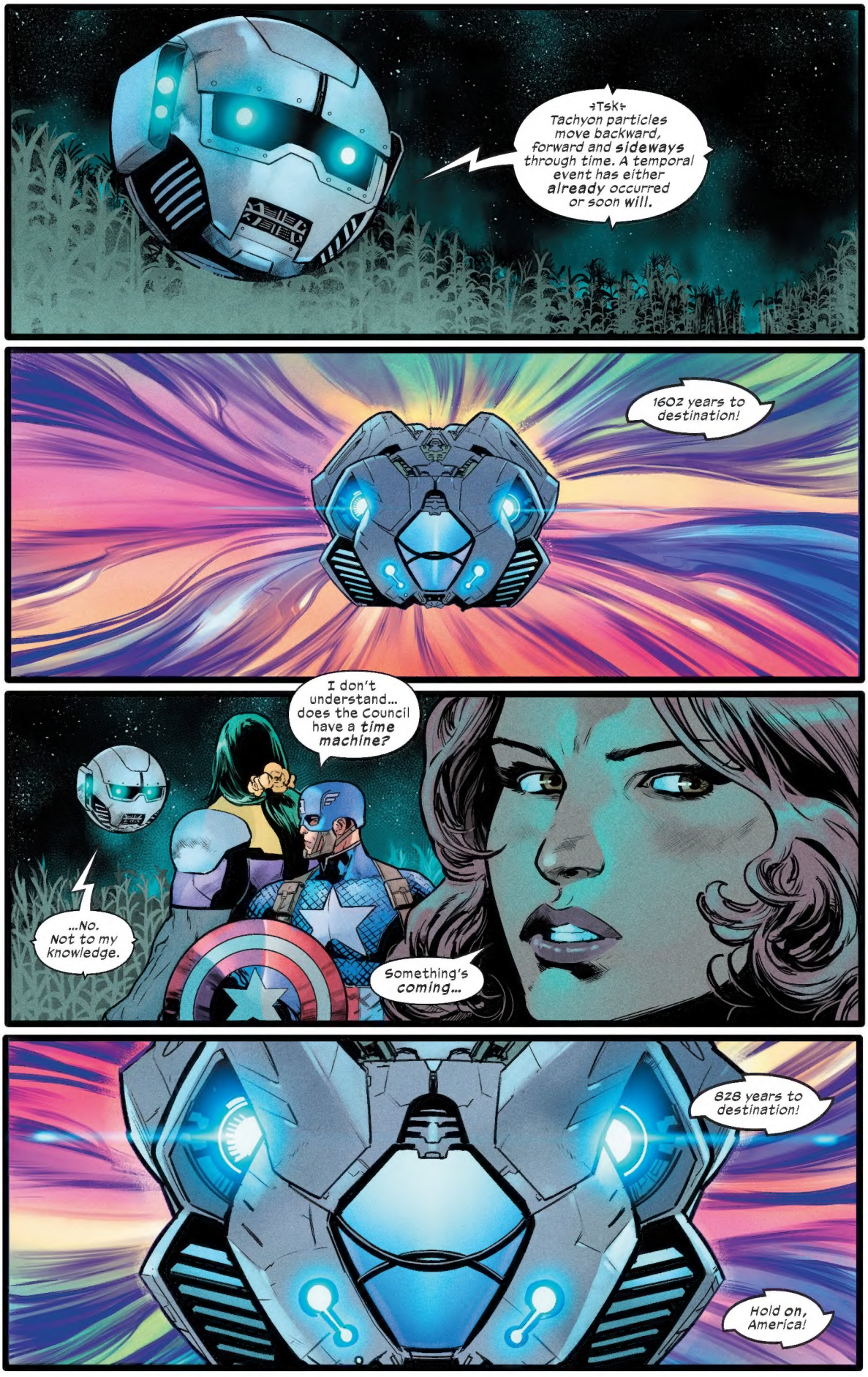
THE ULTIMATES

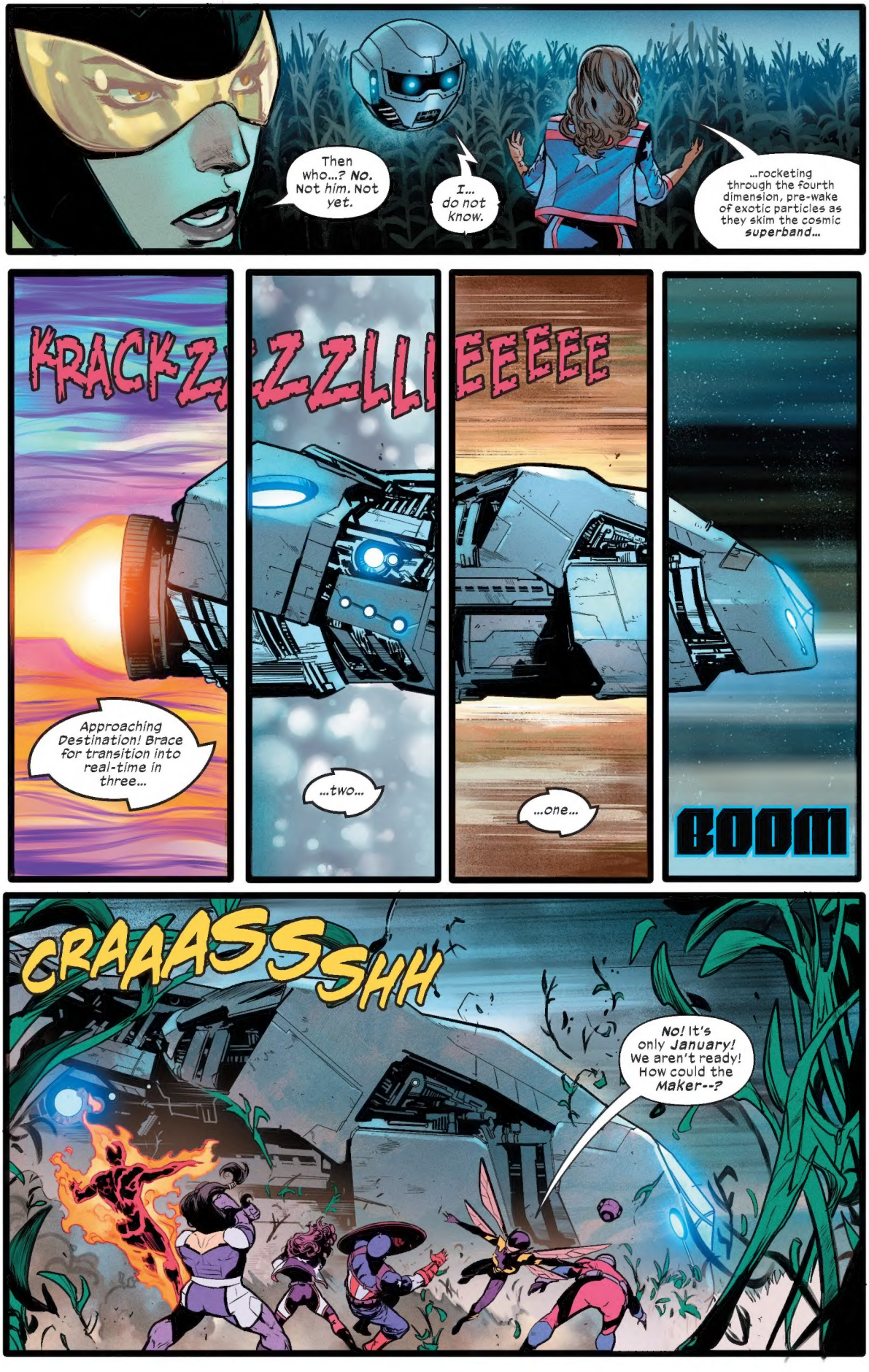
8

CAMP | FRIGERI | BLEE

JAN. 2025 | RATED T+


4181 years to destination!
Here? You're sure, Doom?
I installed the Triskelion's tachyon-detection array myself, Wasp. I am sure.
2584 years to destination!
But... there's nothing out here but corn.


+Tsk+
Tachyon particles move backward, forward and sideways through time. A temporal event has either already occurred or soon will.
1602 years to destination!
I don't understand... does the Council have a time machine?
...No. Not to my knowledge.
Something's coming...
828 years to destination!
Hold on, America!

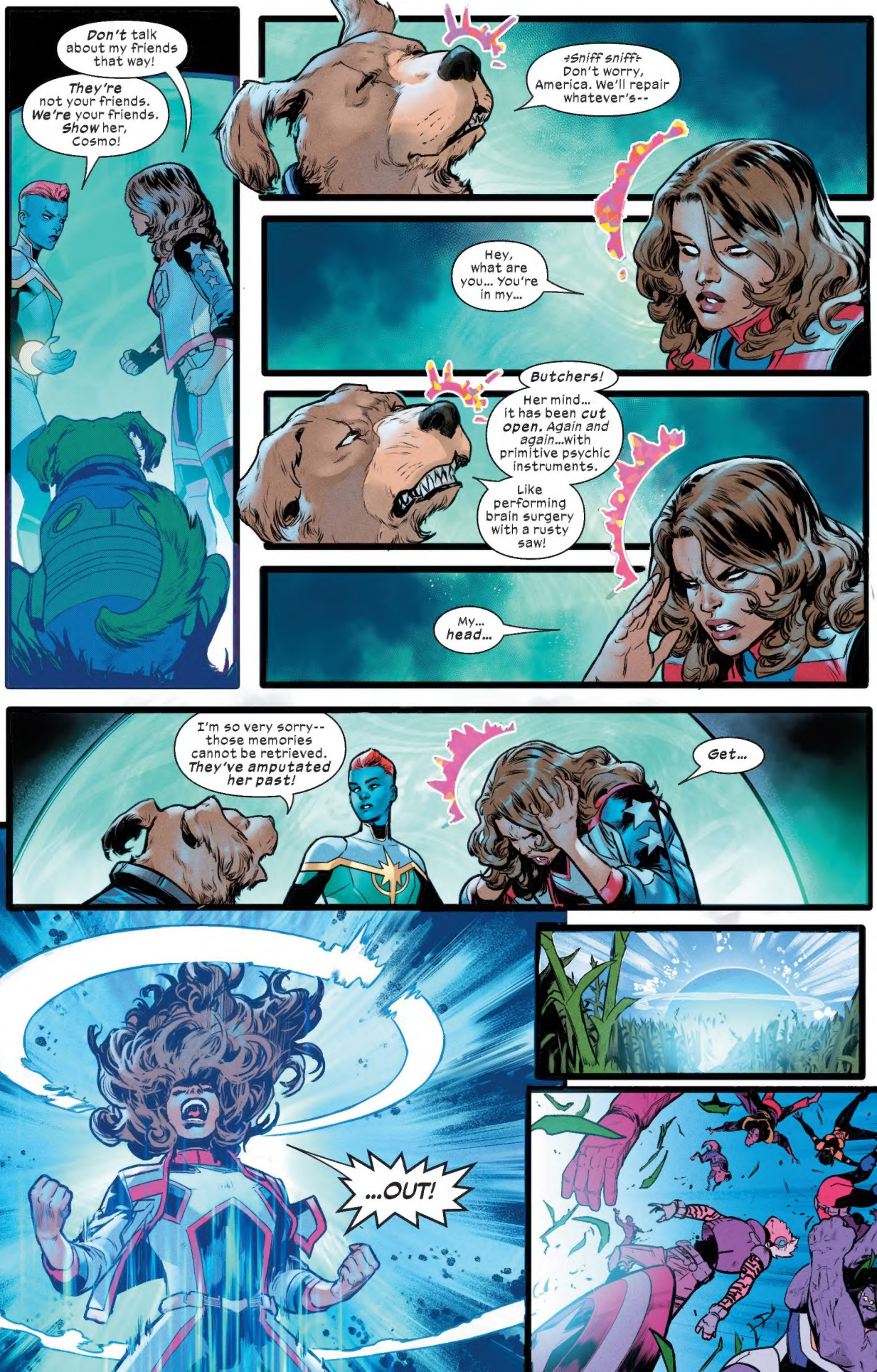

Then who...? NO. Not him. Not yet.
I... do not know.
...rocketing through the fourth dimension, pre-wake of exotic particles as they skim the cosmic superband...
KRACKZ
ZZZLLI
EEEEEE
Approaching Destination! Brace for transition into real-time in three...
...two...
...one...
BOOM
CRAAASSSHH
NO! It's only JANUARY! We aren't ready! How could the Maker--?

Crossed... uncountable eons... pursued by 4D hyperconquerors through the rise and fall of empires...
...waded through drowned armies of twisted pseudo-legends facedown in the SuperFlow...
...traded information with the vast, cool intelligences outside of time...
...all to find you! America, our America!
Uh. Do I know you?
..."Know me"?
Together we defeated the Ultron Dominion, splitting ourselves through the infinity prism to fight simultaneously in every moment of time and space!
When the 24th Celestial Host returned and judged the Milky Way a failure, it was us who developed a new form of super-diplomacy to convince them otherwise!
And it was your idea to work together to generate enough cosmic energy to convert contraction to expansion, turning the Negative Zone into the Positive Zone and ushering in a new age of abundance, peace and growth for that backward universe!
We are the Guardians of the Galaxy! The greatest heroes of the 61st century!
Know us? You're one of us! We came here on a ship powered by pure hope to save you from this broken past!

Doom, are you getting this...?
I am. It appears they have a time machine too. How interesting.
Hey, back off a little, miss-- you're being aggressive--
Cap--
This does not concern you!
Yeah? Well, consider us concerned.
Another pointless fight. Who could have predicted?

You must remember us, America!
TINK
"That's Star-Lord...
"...Master of the Solar System, lord of the Twelve Houses and the land beyond the sun!
H-Hank...?
The stars sing different, sadder songs now. Like far-off funeral music.
These guys have powers we don't even have names for!
"And there's Ultimate Nullifier...
"...who, in a duel in the burning back alleys of Pandemonium, shot Mephisto through his black heart with a Ø-Bullet...
There's no need to struggle. There's nothing to struggle against.
VRRR
"...single-handedly erasing the concept of eternal suffering from the universe."
I just zeroed out your kinetic energy.
The N-Guns can nullify anything I fully understand. We learned thermodynamics in the third grade.
QUUE
Rrrrrr...
Try to remain calm. We'll be done here soon.

Surely you remember *Cosmo Starstalker,* who stayed behind to protect humanity after all other canines ascended to a higher state of being--*the Ultimate Good Boy!*
We never gave up on you, America. *Never.*
And I'm *Captain Marvel,* Protector of the Universe, wielder of the Omni-Bands!
You...you really don't *remember* me?
I... You...
...you're attacking my friends!
Them? These twisted, depthless re-creations?
"These sad mockeries of what should have been...?"

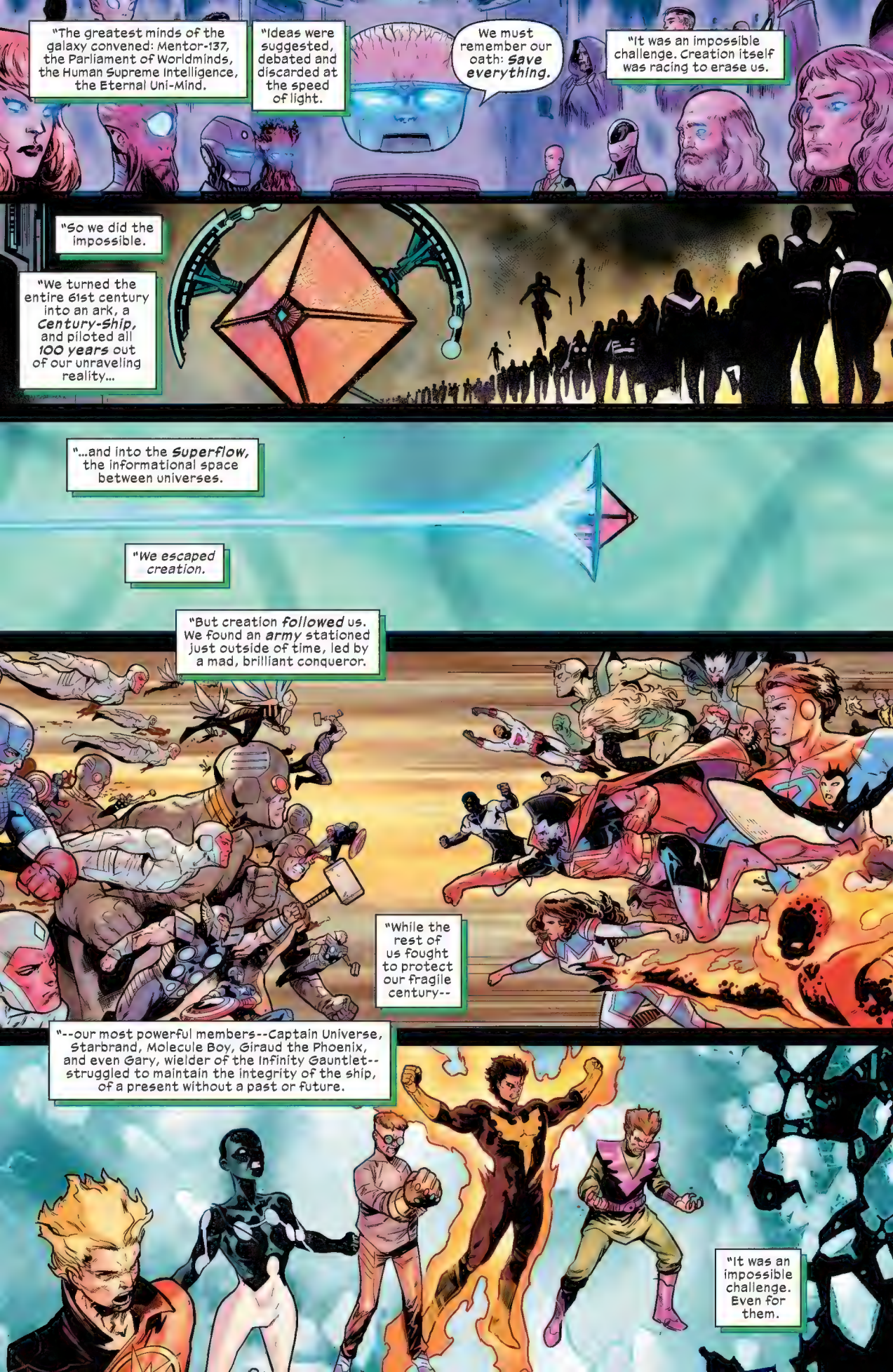

Don't talk about my friends that way!
They're not your friends. We're your friends. Show her, Cosmo!
=Sniff sniff= Don't worry, America. We'll repair whatever's--
Hey, what are you... You're in my...
Butchers!
Her mind... it has been cut open. Again and again...with primitive psychic instruments.
Like performing brain surgery with a rusty saw!
My... head...
I'm so very sorry-- those memories cannot be retrieved. They've amputated her past!
Get...
...OUT!

I've never kicked a dog in my life, but after what you just did to America, I'm *considering* it.
I *apologize*...we have more liberal ideas about psychic consent when we come from. *Especially* between Guardians.
It goes against my every principle to pry into minds uninvited, but you are practically *screaming* it. Tell me...
...are you aware that you all share the *same bad dream?*
Look.

Ah.
You are not the Doom we know, but there's something familiar about you...something dangerous...
...what is it?
You can see me? How interesting...our encryption--
--reminded me of the numbers games we played as children.
We can do things with your technology that you cannot dream of.
Observing, always observing from behind your mask.
You're looking for something. You will never find it.
"I have temporarily disabled your space station's communication, surveillance, transportation and weapons systems. Also, your primitive time machine.
"America belongs with us. Do not attempt to interfere."
The man in the Iron Mask, the man in the Iron Lung. NOW I remember! One of you will be responsible for untold suffering and the deaths of trillions...and the other could save everything.
Now which was which...?

Stop, America! Please stop!!!
If they took your past, then I'll give you *mine!*
"My life is *your* life. *Remember?*

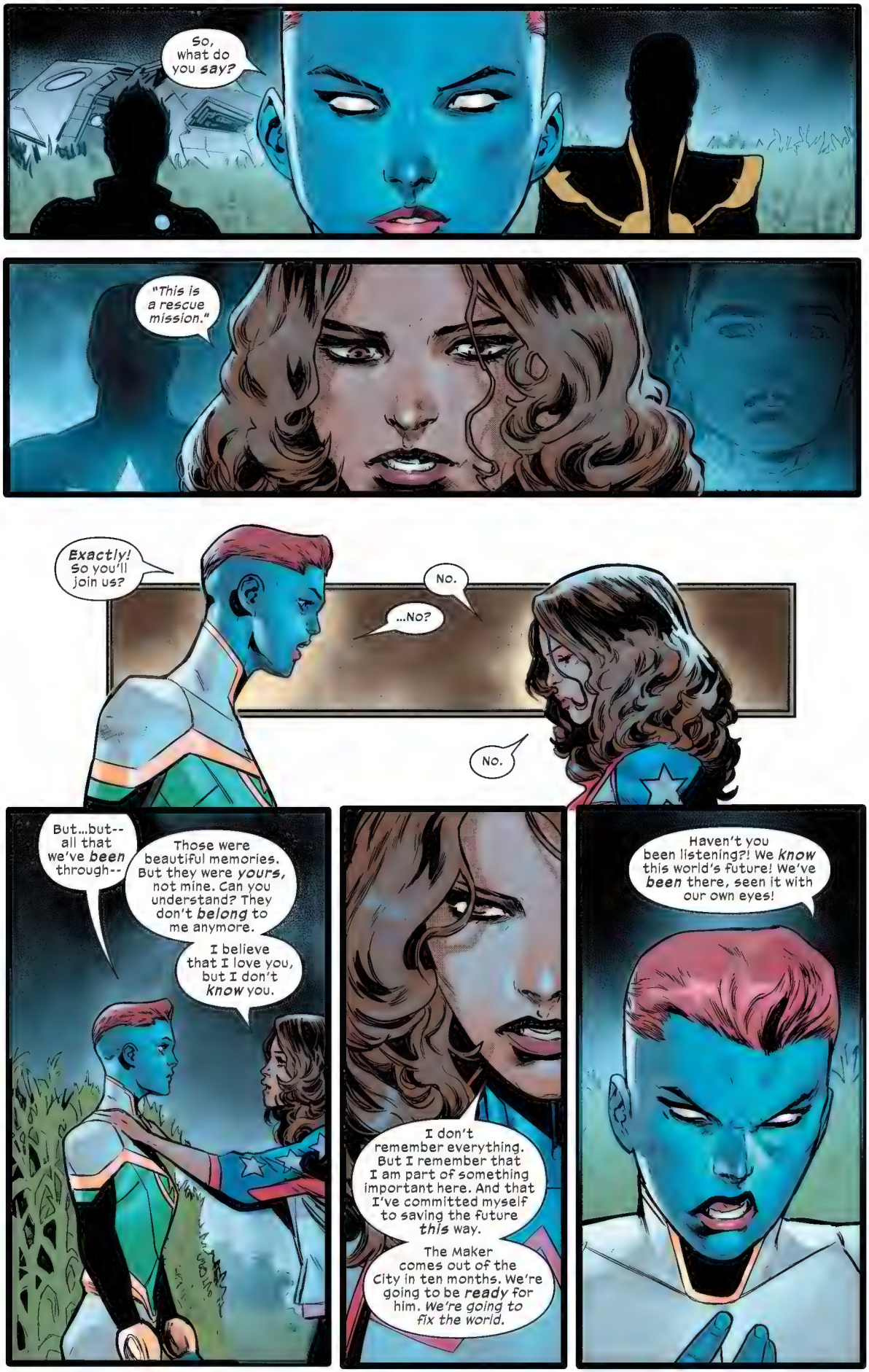
"The 61st century. Try to remember: a post-scarcity, post-imperialist paradise-in-progress. This is what we lost.
"250,000 Superguardians protecting over 400 million inhabited worlds.
"The apogee of an unbroken age of heroes going back 4000 years.
"The Guardians of the Galaxy saved the universe on a monthly basis for millennia. Perhaps that's why we were so confident we would do so again.
"Captain Universe was the first to notice. It presented as sharp chest pain and crushing grief, radiating from the 21st century and down the right arm.
"Soon, temporal seismographs were giving off impossible readings, indicating a catastrophe in time.
"A group of our most experienced Guardians was sent to the past to investigate.
"Only one returned.
The Unmaker... we are unmade...


"The greatest minds of the galaxy convened: Mentor-137, the Parliament of Worldminds, the Human Supreme Intelligence, the Eternal Uni-Mind.
"Ideas were suggested, debated and discarded at the speed of light.
We must remember our oath: *Save everything.*
"It was an impossible challenge. Creation itself was racing to erase us.
"So we did the impossible.
"We turned the entire 61st century into an ark, a *Century-Ship,* and piloted all *100 years* out of our unraveling reality...
"...and into the *Superflow,* the informational space between universes.
"We escaped creation.
"But creation *followed* us. We found an *army* stationed just outside of time, led by a mad, brilliant conqueror.
"While the rest of us fought to protect our fragile century--
"--our most powerful members--Captain Universe, Starbrand, Molecule Boy, Giraud the Phoenix, and even Gary, wielder of the Infinity Gauntlet--struggled to maintain the integrity of the ship, of a present without a past or future.
"It was an impossible challenge. Even for them.

"How to describe the death of a universe? The head holds only fragments, moments:
"Xandar the Brightmind, Hero-Star of Tranta, so overcome with grief it went *nova*, then collapsed into a black hole...
"The ten billion descendents of Banner, the so-called ***Planet Hulk***, trying to hold back reality with their ***bare hands***...
"The terrible, bloated corpse of Galactus the Lifebringer, ***Seeder of Worlds***...
"...floating through space like a rotting rogue ***world***, and the terrible things that had begun to grow ***inside*** it...

"As the 61st century fell apart around us, we pointed our ship back the way we *came*, into whatever reality had replaced *ours*.
"Hoping for a *soft landing*...
"Countless centillions died on impact...100 years splintered like cheap gopher wood...tragedy on a *biblical* scale...!
"A few Guardians *survived*...
"...thrown faster than light through time in every direction.
"I landed in the distant past.
"With only Stone Age tools, I built our ship, the *Apokatastasis*, out of the broken fragments of the 61st century and began the search for other survivors."

But America's been here--being *tortured*--for years. Why are you just coming for her *now?*
There is a 62-year span of "hard time" from 1963 to 2024, impenetrable even to us. The origin of the temporal anomaly that unmade our universe.
You must have landed *inside* that period--your momentum and unique cosmic energy field somehow piercing the Unmaker's barrier.
I feared...I thought you were...until Cosmo finally caught your scent 5000 years from now! We came to rescue you!
I--I don't know. I--
Once we've rescued everyone, we'll find a way to break the barrier and undo the Unmaker's work--restoring the rightful future, saving our universe and our *friends.*
But won't that...wouldn't that erase all of us? Like...erase our world, the way it erased yours?
There are ways around that. We have methods of timeline *pruning* and *replanting.* Given *time,* we can save *everyone.*


So, what do you *say?*
"This is a rescue mission."
Exactly! So you'll join us?
No.
...No?
No.
But...but--all that we've *been* through--
Those were beautiful memories. But they were *yours*, not mine. Can you understand? They don't *belong* to me anymore.
I believe that I love you, but I don't *know* you.
I don't remember everything. But I remember that I am part of something important here. And that I've committed myself to saving the future *this* way.
The Maker comes out of the City in ten months. We're going to be *ready* for him. *We're going to fix the world.*
Haven't you been listening?! We *know* this world's future! We've *been* there, seen it with our own eyes!

"You lose, America!
"The Unmaker wins!"

Maybe. But the future can change. We're proof of that, aren't we?
What I don't get is, they came to this exact spot by tracking America's unique aura. But America was only here because Doom detected them coming hours ago.
So which came first? What caused what?
Best not to think about it, honey.
I can't believe this... you're turning your back on us...for them?
Don't pout. I have a feeling it's not like you.
-Sigh- At least take this temporal flare. Whenever we are, we will see it. And when you need us...we'll be there.
This... this isn't goodbye.
You've broken my heart, but my purpose remains intact. There are other Guardians stranded out there... and we can't rest until we've found them all.
"Save everything."
The Guardian oath. You do remember.

"Good luck, America. I do not envy you.
"I've *seen* this world's future. It's all *impossible choices* and *tragic outcomes.*"
TEN MONTHS REMAINING...

WRITER: **DENIZ CAMP**
ARTIST: **JUAN FRIGERI**
COLOR ARTIST: **FEDERICO BLEE**

LETTERER: **VC's TRAVIS LANHAM**
COVER ARTISTS: **DIKE RUAN & NEERAJ MENON**
VARIANT COVER ARTISTS: **INHYUK LEE; SARA PICHELLI & FEDERICO BLEE**

DESIGN: **JAY BOWEN**
ASSISTANT EDITOR: **MICHELLE MARCHESE**
EDITOR: **WIL MOSS**
EDITOR IN CHIEF: **C.B. CEBULSKI**

© 2025 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.